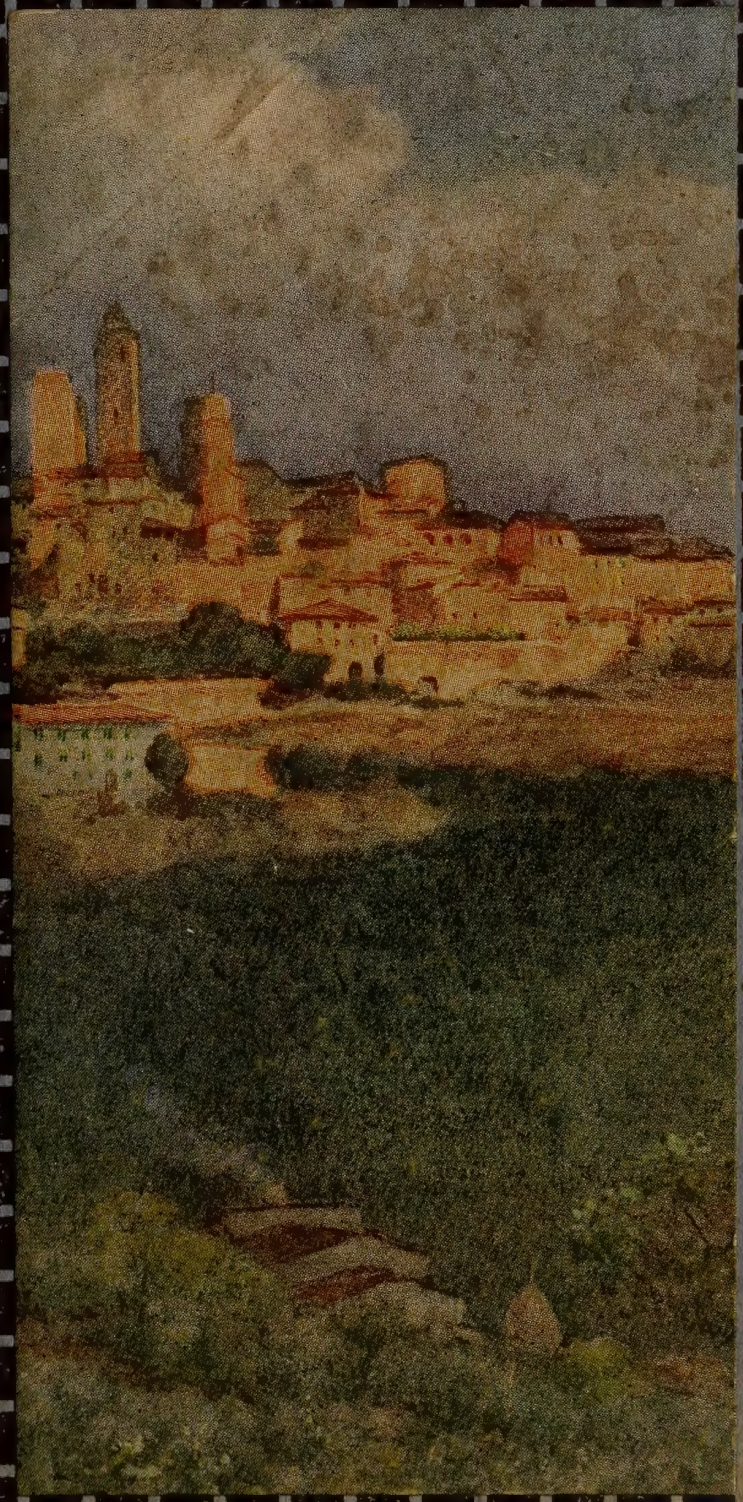
CANADIAN TREASURY SERIES

Canada, My Home



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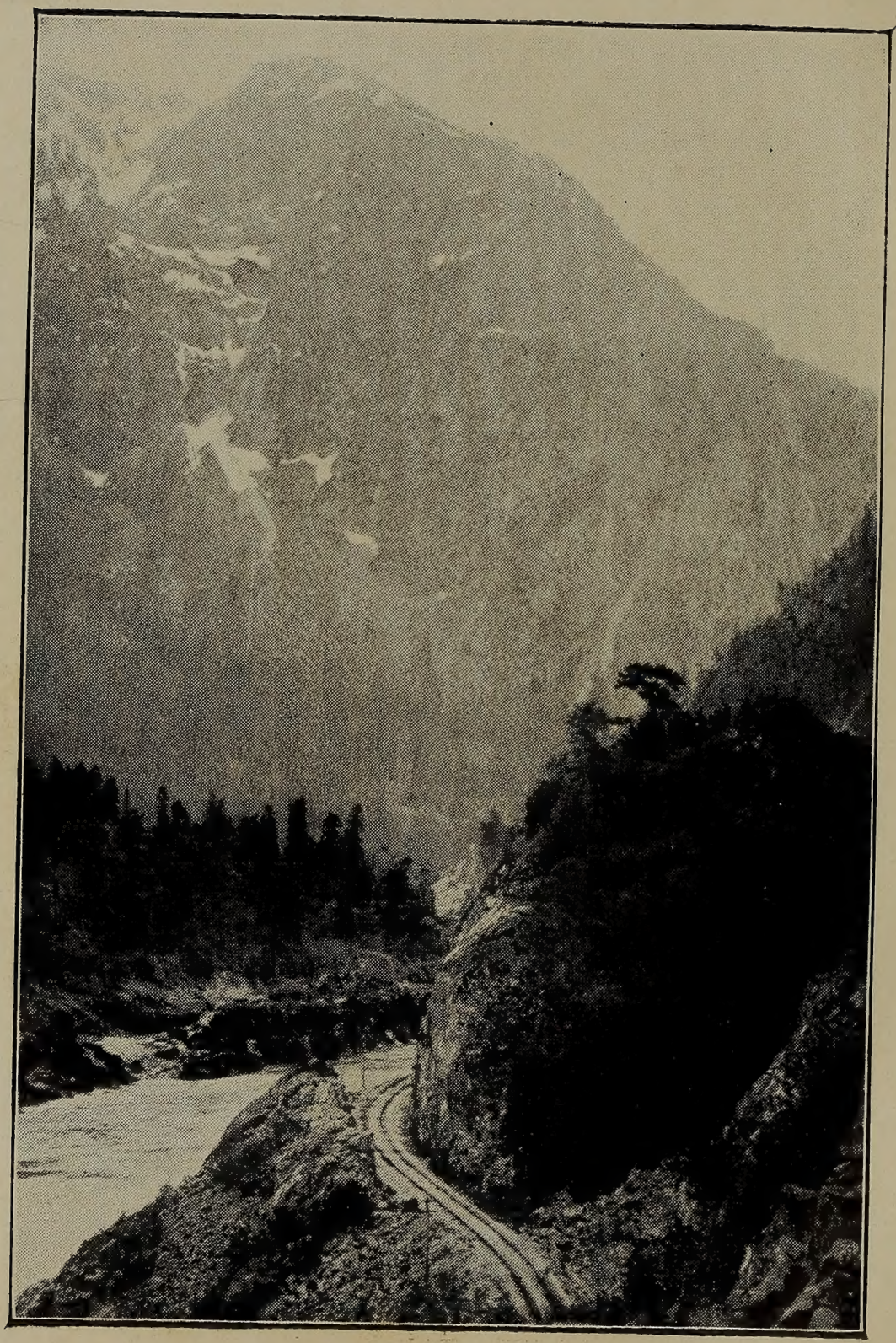

CANADA, MY HOME

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

GRANT BALFOUR

AUTHOR OF

"THE FAIRY SCHOOL OF CASTLE FRANK," AND
"THE MOTHER OF ST. NICHOLAS"

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PREFACE

In a certain institution for homeless women there was an old lady who always looked happy. Going up to her one day at the close of a religious service, the writer said, "How is it that you are always smiling?" To this she replied, "I have nothing else to do." It was rather an unusual turn of mind in idleness, but it was certainly the pleasantest. The author of this booklet is not in the easy circumstances of that old lady, but earns a livelihood in the business world of turmoil and care, of bright, eager faces, and of occasional frowns. If this be a disadvantage, the hurt of it must appear in the more delicate craft of literature. But, deeper than style, it is hoped that a drop or two of new red blood may pass into the living stream.

GRANT BALFOUR

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CANADA, MY HOME
AND OTHER POEMS

CANADA, MY HOME

WHERE shines the dying Red Man's sun,
Where bison feet no more may run,
Nor warring tribesmen roam,—
There, Arctic-crowned, behold the land,
In grandeur robed by lavish hand,
Fair Canada, my home.

O goodly Land! thy fervid praise
Forbid the people's tongue to raise
In self-adoring boast,—
To One, who all thy glories gave,
Our homage be, with reverence grave,
In adoration lost.

Canada, My Home

Dominion of the North, how vast !—
Unequalled in the distant past
By proud, imperial Rome ;
The Sister Zones o'er thee unrolled
Two giant belts of white and gold,
Grand Canada, my home.

Thy blue Expanse may justly vie
With warm Italia's cloudless sky—
Pellucid is thy dome ;
My soul hath rest in gazing there—
I dream of higher rest to share,
Bright Canada, my home.

Like heavenly azure earthward blown
O'er arid deserts red and lone,
Thy brineless Lakes appear ;
Vast inland sea enchained to sea,
Unparalleled in majesty,
Whose wrath the bravest fear.

The Seas, impatient, madly leap
Down, down destruction's cauldron deep—
Their dying roar appals ;

Canada, My Home

They live again, in joy prevail,
And weave a snow-white, rainbow veil
O'er world-entrancing Falls.

The patient fisher's luring strife
With swift, elusive, silv'ry life,
Where soothing music reigns ;
Far-reaching leagues, thy Rivers roll
Thro' scenes sublime, to Arctic goal
And distant, mighty mains.

High, high the hoary Mountains tower,
Dread forms of everlasting power
That grandly " bridge the world " ;
The Red Man, wrapt in garb of faith,
Passed o'er that mystic bridge when Death
The dart unerring hurled.

Where Indian phantoms love to dwell,
The daring hunter's potent spell,
The haunt of agile stealth,—
Great maze of verdure undefiled,
Thy virgin Forest, stately, wild,
Sad beauty robed in wealth.

Canada, My Home

Wild wilderness our Fathers fought,
Blest heritage, excelling thought
The riches in thee stored :
Thy Strata-depths hide hoarded gold,
Thy Prairie-breast is wealth untold,
A garden of the Lord.

O Liberty, how sweet thou art !
My country thrills in every part
With thy true, living voice ;
The famished poor, the trodden slave,
May come among the free and brave—
In Canada rejoice.

When vital virtue leaves the strong,
When thy pure robes are trailed in wrong,
When low thy virgin head,
When the Maple, withered, breathes no sigh,
May God have mercy, and may I
Be numbered with the dead.

Will thy fair feet depart from right,
Wilt thou immerge in starless night,
And lose the path divine ?

Canada, My Home

No ! no ! my country, thou shalt see
Thy morning Star of destiny
In purer splendour shine.

No land illumed by yonder sun
Can more inspiring be than One
Where my far visions roam
O'er prairies wide, o'er mountains grand—
My love is thine, thou lavish land,
Dear Canada, my home.

MY MOTHERLAND

O THOU, my soul, ignoring night,
Thou searchlight far transcending day!
How swift thy race!
Nor rock may check, nor tempest stay,
Nor lightning rival in thy flight
Thro' farthest space.

At even, when my peace has come,
My spirit flies in filial love,
At my command,
Athwart the wave and far above
The cradled bird, to yonder home—
My Motherland.

As one in patriot-impulse lost,
Who would a soothing song outpour
To calm the heart,

My Motherland

O wondrous Land! I near thy shore—
Thy snowy surf and jagged coast—
Thou mighty mart!

Like stately, crowded, forest trees—
The glory of our Western soil—
Thy masts upstand,
Proud symbols of victorious toil,
Thro' rival fleets and wrathful seas,
To every land.

The gates of Europe feel thy hold,
Yea, Earth's wide waters see thy sway
Of naval might;
And thy best children reverent pray,
That Britain ever may uphold
The might of right.

Devoted Britons shed their blood
That fettered Freedom might be free,
And by their life
Made men a higher vision see
In purple moor and darkling wood,
In righteous strife.

My Motherland

Where may I tread thy sacred ground—
In cloister-vale, on beacon-hill,
Or by the sea,
By Rome-bridged stream or lowly rill—
And not find history profound,
O Isles, in thee ?

In tortuous street, dark alley-way,
And battlemented castle height,
With dungeon cold,
In ivied church with softened light,
In wrecked cathedral, abbey grey,
With tombstone old ?

I wend my way in reverent quest,
'Mid monuments upraised and spoiled
By hoary years ;
I've mused in fields my fathers toiled,
And now—I read the end, their rest,
From toil and tears.

Ah Motherland ! who tearful gave
Thy sons and daughters, leaving thee
For lands afar,

My Motherland

The Book of hope, inspiring, free,
A light beyond the blinding wave,
Their guiding star.

Britannia, mother of the free,
Ancestral home and ethic school
Of influence rare,
Imperial, democratic rule—
What shall we render unto thee
For all thy care ?

The captive Jew, by Babel's stream,
The curse invoked with quenchless will,
In fealty grand—
That his right hand might lose her skill,
If he forgat his people's dream—
Their hallowed land.

I kneel in no taskmaster land
When I, beseeching Israel's God,
Remember thee :
Can I forget the bond of blood,
And to thy love, my Motherland,
A traitor be ?

My Motherland

I love the dream of oak tree strong,
Of heather wild and foxglove bell
That lures the bee ;
I breathe the dew-filled clover smell,
And in the raptured skylark's song
I'm lost in thee.

Sweet shamrock, triple heart in one,
Be thou the symbol, sacred sure,
Of union fast
With England's rose, responsive, pure,
And Scotland's thistle—be ye one
While nations last.

I dwell where golden prairies bloom,
Where streams and inland seas renew
The thirsty loam,
Where virgin forests sigh in gloom,
And snow-coned mountains cleave the blue
Resplendent dome.

I dwell where the voice of hopeful morn
Awakes a nation, youthful, free,
To grasp the hand

My Motherland

Of earth-transforming Energy,
And lo ! industrious hands adorn
Our gladdened land.

We praise our God for the golden scene,
For freedom's breath from sea to sea,
For our glad land,
And grateful praise we give for thee—
Among the nations thou art queen—
My Motherland.

CANADA, STAND FAST *

CANADA, from wave to wave,
Land of freemen strong and brave,
Heritage our Father gave—
Be thy law divine.
Loyal hearts thy grandeur sing,
Host on host their tribute bring,
Golden bells thy gladness ring—
All our love be thine.

Land of hidden wealth untold,
Prairies vast of waving gold,
Mountains high in azure cold,
Diademed in white.
Grandly sings the forest wide,
Proudly rolls the inland tide,
Merr'ly doth the Frost King ride,
Land of our delight.

* To be set to music.

Canada, Stand Fast

Land beloved, for ever be
Firm in faith and verity,
Gracious in prosperity—
To thy greatness come.
Peace, O Canada, be thine,
Strength and majesty divine,
Ever on thee glory shine,
Canada, our home.

Northmen, scorn the traitor hand,
Side by side for honour stand,
Sacred keep your queenly land,
While the world shall last.
Justice lead thee in thy fight,
Raise thy flag in Heaven's light,
Ever be for God and right—
Canada, stand fast !

BRITANNIA *

BRITANNIA ! Britannia !
Thou Sovereign of the sea,
We've heard the solemn tidings
Of evil planned for thee—
To steal thy shore, to smite thee,
And haul thy banner down,
To tread thy street 'neath foreign feet,
And rob thy jewelled crown.

Britannia ! Britannia !
Within thy guardian main,
Dear land where our brave fathers sleep
Our hearts with thee remain,
And Canada, thy daughter,
Shall haste thy shore to save :
Accept our pledge, O Motherland—
Britannia, rule the wave !

* Set to music.

Britannia

Britannia ! Britannia !
What empire e'er did more
To bear the burden of mankind
Ungrudged the wide world o'er ?
Abide supreme, Britannia,
Ride freely o'er the sea,
Belch forth thy fire on foreign rage,
And we shall stand by thee !

CANADA *

DOMINION OF THE NORTH

O Canada ! Dominion of the North,
How vast the path whereon thy sun rides forth !
His sweep from stern Atlantic flood
To far Pacific main
Proclaims the bounteous hand of God
Upon thy grand domain.
O Daughter blest ! peace, peace be thine,
May Wisdom wreathe thy brow with light divine,
And in thy law and council ever shine !

Freeman, rejoice ! rejoice that ye are free !
No despot rules,—behold, from sea to sea,
A nation youthful call'd of God
To rule in equity

* Set to music.

Canada

A people bound in brotherhood,
A loyal unity.
Land of the free ! for ever wave
Thy flag of freedom which our fathers gave,
Banner of honour, emblem of the brave.

Northmen, be strong ! abhor the traitor stain,
Fear ye no foe, the craven cry disdain,
And if the bold aggressor come
To war on sea or land,
Be true to your belovèd home,
And by the empire stand.
O Canada ! from shore to shore
Gird on thy strength, and Heaven's arm implore—
God is thy shield, and shall be evermore.

THE PATRIOT

Come, lead the nation, patriot true !
Arise in regal might,
Inspired with noble love to do,
What conscience calls thee to pursue,
The rugged work of right !

Away with him that wears thy name
With false self-lauding tongue,
Deaf to the inward voice of blame,
Deaf to the outward cry of shame,
The brazen slave of wrong !

The serf of time, to straight paths blind,
Would lead our feet astray—
Our racial union reckless rend,
Allure to ways with one dark end,
Our national decay.

The Patriot

The patriot sees with eagle eye
The vision far and wide ;
Unswerved by passing 'lurement nigh,
For lasting weal he soareth high—
The people's trusted guide.

Lead, lead us on, thou patriot true !
Hold high the radiant light,
Illume the land with glory new,
So, led by thee, we shall pursue
The rugged path of right.

Then see our nation firmly tread
The straight united way ;
Our strength the strength of living bread,
We rise above the nations dead—
We cannot know decay.

THE VOICE OF THE RIVER

THERE is a voice expressive of an influence divine,
It calleth not from market-place nor from the glittering mine;
It is heard among the mountains, where the rocks are washed and worn
By the tumbling of the torrent, and the rivulet is born.

It is moaning in the valleys, where the swelling water flows,
And the rolling river's body is chilled by melting snows;
But the waters hail the open, 'neath the glow of golden skies,
And the moaning melts in singing, where gauzy mists arise.

The Voice of the River

Amidst abounding fragrance, drawn up
from a hundred dyes,
The waters sleep in guarded bed, where
placid beauty lies ;
The stars let down their lamp-lights and the
mirrored lake adorn,
While the web-foot rests among the reeds
until the call of morn.

Then flowing, swinging, singing, between
the listening trees,
Until the strains resistless the bronzèd
boatman seize—
He dreams of dreamy hamlet, of the window
near the stream,
And the song that seals the lovelids, and
dream is answering dream.

Flow on, O wondrous River, o'er the cataract
and the plain,
In organ tones and whispers, thro' gladness
and thro' pain ;

The Voice of the River

Sing with the forest psalmody, wave with the waving gold ;
Aged, passing—young, abiding—as in the years of old.

Thy deep resounding thunder : is it anger of the heart ?
The sighing of thy flowing : is it love from love apart ?
I have longed thy speech to fathom, to make its meaning mine—
O song of joy and sadness, thy voice is power divine !

THE MOUNTAIN BIRD

Hast thou no fear, O mountain bird,
That soarest high,
As if a star in azure blurred,
While far beneath thine eagle eye
An army vast, with helmets frozen white,
Stands guard o'er awful canyons day and night ?

Thou needest not the heaving sea
To hold thy breast—
Enough, the waveless air for thee
To give thy wings unfearing rest.
O bird of far-off azure, child of trust,
What dost thou teach the timid child of dust ?

The rolling storm of forces proud,
With lurid fleece,
Assails the crags in thunder loud ;
Thou hast on high unruffled peace,

The Mountain Bird

There's music for the rose and valley mild,
Thy scream befits the fir and mountain wild.

But, oh, the grace of thy free wing
When thou dost wheel
In wanton and unweary ring,
That puts upon thy frame the seal
Of sacred workmanship and skill supreme,
Which reverence craves in reason's greatest theme.

At last, on yonder hornèd crest,
With wings in fold,
Thy strong claws clench beside thy nest,
And now thy tale of trust is told.
Maker of man and bird! this thought instil—
The man that soars in light may trust Thy will.

THE SEA BIRD

Art thou not lonely, lonely,
Wild mid-ocean mew,
Where all the day thou seest only
The plains of boundless blue,
The passing dreamful deck,
Or wandering weirdful wreck,
The billow heaving wrath and scattering foam—
Is this, is this thy home ?

Yes, this is thy sea-home,
Bird of peerless grace,
And all the day thou art glad to roam
O'er the deep's approving face ;
No child has sweeter pillow
Than thine, the soft sea billow—
Thou art made for this by a master Hand,
Thou needest not the land.

Why dost thou eager rise
On the secret stair—

The Sea Bird

To soar in the glory of the skies
And wheel in azure rare ?
Ah, thou dost catch the gale
And hear the far-off wail,
And the helmsman warned in the calm deep sea
Gives thanks to God for thee.

On dazzling crimson ray,
Pathway to the west,
Thou fliest fast at the close of day
To yon unhidden nest.
A song lulls thee to sleep,
Beside the harmless deep,
On a glowing rock which the waters lave,
The song of surging wave.

No, thou art never lonely,
Bird for the sea designed,
Altho', as ruled, thou knowest only
The joys of lower mind.
Power, who formest all,
Lord of the great and small,
Give wings to the soul to explore the good
In street or solitude.

EVERMORE

I

Hail to thee, O Evermore!
  Shaded presence of the light,
  Breaking thro' the gloom of night,
Gloom encircling Nevermore.

Evermore, whence camest thou?
  Tell the home thou namest thine;
Didst thou come from shores divine,
  For a glimpse of finite Now?

Dweltst thou in an aged sea—
  In abysmal grottos grand?
  Or in timeless spirit-land?
Wondrous What—oh, answer me

Evermore

Hast thou left alway thy home ?
  Wilt thou nevermore return ?
  Shall thine own for ever mourn,
Vainly calling thee to come ?

Name of marvel, Evermore,
  Who can fathom what thou art ?
  Beating time in every heart,
Time art thou, but thou art more.

Whence, without thee, whence the earth ?
  Yea, the universe around ?
  Being—they had never found !
Nor an atom come to birth !

II

Art thou here, O Evermore,
  Here our earthborn sin to see,
  One with woe an hour to be,
And our darkness deep deplore ?

Evermore

Thou hast heard our human cry,
  And with hope thou dost inspire,
  By thy lamp of shaded fire,
Lifted as thou goest by.

Travelling far o'er earth and sea,
  Resting not by night or day,
  Nought in nature bars thy way,
All things finite reverence thee.

Lightnings, trembling, haste away,
  Thunders, wondering, utter dread,
  Distance, silent, hides her head—
Thou art passing on thy way.

Time thy timeless desert dares,
  Speeding far thy goal to find,
  Ever, ever thee behind,
In o'erwhelming awe despairs.

Compass thee! yea, who is he?
  Who thy nature comprehend?
  Who one thought around thee send?
Thou wouldst cease, yea, cease to be!

Evermore

III

Evermore, where goest thou ?
  Goest thou to be God's guest,
  In his awful presence rest,
'Neath the pure empyreal bow ?

Name of immortality,
  Attribute of One divine,
  Thou art his and He is thine—
God without thee could not be !

IV

Whence thy light, O Evermore ?
  Shaded once, effulgent now,
  Radiance of a deathless brow,—
Veiled in flesh, in death, before.

Veiled in mortal form before,
  In the Man despised of men,
  Him who died and lived again,
And who lives for evermore.

Evermore

Light of Truth ! consuming fire !
  Purifying errant men ;
  Chastened, they come forth again,
Clothed in virgin white attire.

Light of Love whom we adore !—
  Beauteous forms by Time unkept,
  We have lost them, we have wept—
Thou wilt keep them evermore.

We shall weep, yea, weep, no more—
  They, our own, are with thee there
  And hath fled our dark despair,
From thy light, O Evermore !

CANADA, BE GLAD

(The opening of the King Edward Sanatorium for Consumptives, near Weston, Aug. 28, 1907.)

O Canada, be glad, be glad !
Behold yon light—
A radiance tender draweth nigh,
A glory stealeth o'er the sky,
Dispelling night.

Dark, dark and long hath been the night,
O'er all the land,
To many daughters dear to thee,
Pale-veiled in wasting mystery
None understand.

A sweet girl graces yonder home,
Her cheek health-red ;
The pale king comes and silent stoops,
He breathes on her, the fair rose droops,
And she is dead.

Canada, Be Glad

Ten thousand homes the pale king know,
And feel his breath,
Remorseless breathed as he goes by,
And joy and hope hoar-frosted lie
In withered death.

O Canada ! hope, hope thou still—
The dawn has come,
A ray of gold has reached the sky,
A radiance healing draweth nigh
To every home.

On darkness dense the wasting plague
Shall prey no more,
The light to simple life has come,
The hopeless find a hopeful home,
As ne'er before.

God bless, thrice bless, the open hand—
Thy praise we sing ;
And blessing be, with deathless fame,
On him that lends his gracious name—
God bless our King !

THE CHRISTMAS STAMP

I AM coming
With good wishes
Sent by kind hearts every day,
And how many
Take me, kiss me,
Press me when I go my way !

Once there travelled
An apostle
Every hour on mercy bent ;
I am also
An apostle—
I am like him, just " one sent."

I am travelling
Eastward, westward,
Northward, southward—everywhere ;
I am needed,
I am mercy,—
Will you send me anywhere ?

ROYALTY

We walked together to the church,
My little child and I,
One morning when the pleasant sun
Looked through a cloudless sky.

She held in love my reddened hand,
Hard with the grip of toil;
I would not give her talk and trust
For Afric's golden spoil!

To her, I was the greatest man,
The strongest, the most wise;
To me, she was the sweetest flower,
The dearest earthly prize!

"See, yonder comes a business man,
A good, great man," I said;
"I know him well, and he knows me,
Where busy people trade.

"You'll give him, love, your prettiest smile:
You can, I know, do that."

Royalty

"And what will you do, papa dear?"
"Of course, I'll lift my hat."

He came, with wife and daughters fair,
In robes of richest dye;
He saw me well, but turned his head,
And coldly passed me by.

By stainless instinct fresh from heaven
His haughty heart was read—
"That's not a good, great man at all,"
My little daughter said.

I cannot tell how strange I felt
With mingled shame and pain;
Such conduct scarred my sense of right,
And roused a just disdain.

We entered church, and so did he,
To celebrate the praise
Of One, a King, who lowly came
To teach men lowly ways.

Royalty

Then, later in that day, we walked—
My daughter sweet and I—
In love with all the flowers and trees,
And with the great blue sky.

Among those soothing scenes I knew—
Men are not all the same—
That many felt like Him who loved
The poor and blind and lame.

"Look, papa, look, a carriage comes!"
I looked—my heart beat wild—
The carriage came—I raised my hat—
The King turned round and smiled

My darling, in my arm, held out
A violet undefiled—
The carriage stopped—the Queen bent o'er,
And kissed a workman's child.

FATHER

The name of Father, ever will it be
A name of music, true and sweet to me.
Behind the years, far back in childhood's day,
The name recalls my human trust and stay.

My father stands o'er there for strength and love,
In him I see the lion and the dove;
His hand, soft-clasping mine, I had no fear,
His voice in my distress I joyed to hear.

When I rebelled and chose the path of wrong,
Rebuke was brief, but love—it lingered long
And won me back, a wanderer on the earth,
To take my honoured place beside the hearth.

Father

I love to think of him in daily life—
An honest worker in the busy strife,
Or going forth at eve to give relief
From vexing thought and poverty and grief.

In vision walk with him by peaceful rills,
In grand old woods or up in giant hills ;
I love to meditate and dream at length
Of all his tender care and love and strength.

But now, alas ! my father's day is past :
I saw him laid aside from life at last
In sacred ground, near tranquil waters fresh ;
His love was but a breath, his arm but flesh !

O human life ! is this thy meaning all—
A day of joy and grief, and then the pall
That hides alway my father's face from sight,
And leaves me weeping in mysterious night ?

Father

The floor of earth, the dome of heaven I scan,
But oh, must I, a finite, feeble man,
Bewildered with the boundless, fail to find
An ever-living, ever-loving mind ?

No, no ! the name of father lifts the veil,
And, lifting, tells a soothing glorious tale
Of Him whose children numbered are by none,
Creator of the earth and regal sun.

Of luminaries all—the God of might
Unlimited ; the God of truth and right ;
Yea, greater still, in earth or heaven above—
A Father merciful, the God of love.

O name of Father ! in thy bosom lies
The lesson sorrow's heart alone can prize ;
From finite strength and love my father showed
I rise to infinite—the Father, God !

MOTHER

Oft my visions seek the pathway,
Oft my yearnings go,
Where I walked in joy with Mother
In the long ago.

Soft green path beside the river,
Where the gowans grow,
And the drooping silver birches
Fragrance gently throw.

Where the joys of golden sunshine
Make the bluebells blow,
And the skylarks' songs in azure
Higher, higher go.

But the golden way hath ending
Where the river bends,
Sighing past the sombre silence
Where all gladness ends.

Mother

Moonlight creeping o'er the river
To the grave I know,
Sadly tells me that the Present
Will be long ago.

For all joys the pale Destroyer
Shall in time o'erthrow,
And my Treasure shall be buried
In the long ago.

Sigh, O ever-flowing River,
Sigh while sorrows last ;
Soothing, quavering voice of Nature,
Sigh till death is past.

Till the song triumphant cometh
To the earth below,
And the trembling voice of Sorrow
Shall be long ago.

COURAGE

Courage! Courage! timid brother,
Ever onward press;
Tho' you never win the laurel,
Courage is success.

Tho' your heart and hand may tremble,
And your cheek be wan,
Fighting, falling, rising, fighting,
You are yet a man.

Yea, tho' all your cheerless fighting
Fail to reach the goal,
Fighting, falling, dying fighting,
Sanctifies the soul.

When the sword, perchance defective,
Action snaps in twain,

Courage

Blameless falls the hapless soldier
'Mong the dauntless slain.

Courage strong or courage feeble,
If you merely try—
Try the struggle—this is courage
Which shall never die.

THE FORLORN HOPE

I

In yonder vale,
Where late the meditative shepherd watched
The timid flock and playful lambs in peace,
An army rests, renewing life to breathe,
Before the forces scale the forted hill.
Among them stand prepared, all resolute,
An armèd company of silent men :
The veteran that oft had fought with Death,
Compelled to hold the balanced view,
Betrays the bridled storm by rigid lip ;
The raw recruit, of battle knowing nought,
Forgetting fear in visioned hope and fame,
Hath countenance aglow with ardent fire ;
Yet one united troop they stand.
Their grisled chief of lion look,
Alert and proud, in front walks to and fro,
Inspiring them that eager gaze and list,
With measured words of fiery strength to dare
The distant battlemented heights that frown

The Forlorn Hope

Defiance downward to the valiant vale.
Aroused to pitch of fervour tense, they tremble,
Scarce restrained to wait the free command
He speaks the final word: they proudly march,
Adorned with raiment gay to please the eye,
Without encumbrance least, with deadly arms,
With carbine, glancing bayonet and sword,
They march to music grand against the foe,
Their fellowmen to slay.
With head erect
And shining eye of pride, with throbbing heart
Yet steady tread, they pass between the lines,
The serried ranks of loud-applauding men,
An army, waiting, when the breach is made,
All eager to support the dauntless few
That lead the fierce assault. A nation waits
To ring triumphant praise, yea, e'en the foe
Shall yield applause to selfish courage blind,
Like courage of the brute. The fatal wound

Each hopes he will escape to live a prince
Of men, and each from each receiveth strength,
As if in circuit of magnetic fire,
Far from forlorn.

II

And that is human strife.
But see the strife divine. A Figure clothed
In lowly garb withdraws Him from the street
To yonder garden fair. 'Tis not to strive
Against, but for, mankind. Till this dark hour
A conqueror, He striveth now to quell
Temptation tense to flee from death,
For he that will not overcome himself
Can never truly teach another. Death,
Such Death! A dog hung up, transfixed, to die
A halting death, compassion would evoke
An indignation deep; a guiltless man
Much more, if in the human breast the fiend
Had not usurped the throne of love.

But worse than death,
Exposed in branding heat to public gaze,
A naked form between two men of crime
As if their chief, the victim sees the crowd
Around his cross, a rabblement of ruled
And ruler, priest and scribe and merry youth
And white-haired elder, with the passer-by
Of wagging head and railing tongue, a crowd
That once astonished heard His gracious words
And saw His saving deeds divine, but now
Derisive, cruel as the fiends of hell,
The most imagined of the pagan lore,
A people drawn from fair Jerusalem,
O'er which He wept.

'Tis this dread death
The Son of Man in lone Gethsemane
Foresees. He kneels and prays three times,
Imploring, while the sweat of anguish falls
As if great drops of blood, that God might let
The bitter cup, if possible, pass by ;
If not, then, that the Father's will be done.

An angel strengthens Him, but He receives
No strength from man. Deserted at the last,
Yea, smitten, spit upon and mocking clothed
In purple robes and fitly crowned with thorns,
He walks alone, unarmed amidst the people's rage,
And bears His heavy cross alone until
He falls.

To save a guilty people,
Yea, man to make alive and not to slay,
The Son of Man, the powered Son of God,
Allows the ruthless arm, the iron nail
To strike thro' quivering limbs upon the tree,
To lift Him up amidst the hissing storm
Of man's contempt. Obedient thus to God,
He gives in love His life to ransom man.
But ere He cries "'Tis finished," ere He dies
By pierce of spear, He feels the hour so dark
That from His lips escapes the hopeless cry
That God has now forsaken Him. Thus dies
For men the Son of Man, of hope forlorn,
While darkness veils the land.

WHERE IS GOD?

"One thing which weighs with me against pessimism and tells for a benevolent Author of the universe is my enjoyment of scenery and music. I do not see how they can have helped in the struggle for existence. They are gratuitous gifts."—HUXLEY.

WHERE wildness bleats on whitened mountains drear,
On sunny plains where honeyed music hums,
And where the human reason reads—in every sphere,—
A spirit dwells, and no man knoweth whence it comes.

'Twas early morn: I heard no voice nor sound—
A strange suggestive stillness filled the room,
While reason glanced at structured things around,
The sheltering house and common things of home.

Where is God?

"What is this house to thought, with part to part
Adapted, serving thus a useful end?
And why or whence these simple forms of art?
Do they infer mere force devoid of mind?"

And then the higher question Reason put—
"Who made the builded man? What active will
Formed sinew, bone, and nerve from head to foot,
With adaptation scorning human skill?

"Who made the finite mind with thought to plan?—
What is that power remote yet near, yea near?"
I saw the infinite behind the man,
And reverent whispered, "Surely, God is here!

Where is God?

"Ay, here, must mind creative active be,
And immanent in all things, small and great,
The silver dew, the vast unwieldy sea,
The airy feather, and the mountain weight."

Now passing over to the window-view,
I looked adown the verdure-robed ravine,
And thro' the flowery vale light tipped with dew,
And o'er the winding waters' silver sheen,

To fields of green-leaved plants and yellow grain—
Broad table spread before the hills beyond—
The scene gave sign of recent freshening rain,
And silence over all still reigned profound.

Where is God ?

"What must it mean—yon marvellous display
Of tireless Nature's beauteous tapestry ?
What power over human need holds sway ?
The lifeless hand ? or ever-living Majesty ? "

Then came a song of morn that filled the air—
Was it an earthly strain poured forth in praise ?
Ay, earthly, yet from heaven descended here,
The heart of man in ecstasy to raise.

The heavenly cadence passed, awafted by,
As if on seraph wings far eastward borne,
Athwart the sheen of yonder sea to die
Within the rose blush of the rising morn ;

Where is God?

Where fleecy clouds were fringed with rainbow hue,
And transient lakes were formed of pearly green,
So softly merging into tend'rest blue—
"Oh, what must yonder sunrise glory mean?"

I waited long, enrapt with orient view,
Until the gorgeous clouds had passed away,
And crimson changed to gold, and gold to blue,
While upward moved the Monarch of the day.

"What is to thought—yon burnished orb of light
Whose dial handless tells unerring time?
What hand the rhythmic circuit guides aright
Within the stellar wilderness sublime?

Where is God ?

" What must it mean—yon sphere of vital heat ?
Who placed it high in space ? Can ye declare
Its primal source of finite blessing sweet ?
A lifeless ghost ? or say ye—God is there ?

" And now, whence came thine upward look, O man ?—
Who gave thy love of right, of wrong thy fear ? "
I saw the light converge within the man,
And reverent whispered—" God, yea God, is here ! "

MORNING MEDITATION

Awake, my soul! hark, hark! awake!
Alluring lethal ease forsake,
Arise, arise!
The Monarch radiant lifts his head:
Behold him leave his curtained bed
In crimson skies.

Disdaining Sloth, he calleth Time
To join with him the race sublime
On chariot wheel;
He rideth swiftly, fearless, free,
Thro' lightning flash, nor startled he
By thunder-peal.

Now summon forth thy strength, my soul—
Nor sun, nor star, hath equal goal—
Thy race begin;

Morning Meditation

Ascend the chariot of prayer,
Ride freely o'er destructive care
And passion's din.

Leave all behind in dismal damps,
Which laggard lie o'er fœtid swamps,
The haunt of death ;
Oh ! seize the golden morning hour,
Invest thee with supernal power—
The wings of faith.

And upward soar to light and love,
The glory of the realm above,
And make them thine ;
Then shall thy life be noble, free,
Thy home on earth all joyous be,
A home divine,—

A foretaste of the life to come,
A glimpse of man's eternal home—
Thy blest abode,
Beyond the stillness of the tomb,
When softly calls within the gloom
The voice of God.

PROFESSOR HENRY CALDERWOOD, EDINBURGH

Back thro' the pathway of the years,
Thro' golden hopes and leaden fears,
Thro' happiness bedimmed with tears—
Back where my fathers sleep,
Far o'er the solemn deep.

Back where the white-winged sea-birds soar
Serene above the ocean's roar
Against the grey, old broken shore—
To friendship's welcome smile,
Back in the rugged Isle.

Within thy walls once more I stand,
O learnèd City, ancient, grand,
The pride of all thy favoured land—
Thy tones my soul rejoice :
How sweet thy Scottish voice !

Professor Henry Calderwood

I pass within thy College gate,
With youth the most of low estate,
To ethic wisdom big with fate,
And, choosing out my place,
I wait one noble face.

He comes—the Guide to laws of mind,
A just man, patient, ever kind—
His peer it would be hard to find ;
He captures, ere we part,
The love of every heart.

A will of strength with quiet grace,
A lover of the human race—
How often beams thy genial face
Before me where I roam,
In my Canadian home !

O Teacher ! tell the secret, thine,
Of influence so wide, benign :
'Tis—thou hast lived with One divine,
His glory great thy goal,
And He has filled thy soul.

Professor Henry Calderwood

But thou art gone—a ray of light
That subtly entered mental sight,
Inspiring love of God and right :
Peace, peace, and needful rest,
And be thou ever blest.

MISS SARAH MAXWELL *

O God ! our prayer hear,
That we may be Thy word to tell the deed
Which thrills the heart of all from sea to sea.
Our spirit seize, for Thou alone art worthy
To record the early sacrifice of one
For thine.

"I cannot leave my little folks,"
She said, and, duty calmly done, she swiftly
Climbed the stairs, altho' Destruction followed
Close in garb of fire and smoke. A woman,
Yea, a woman tender, lovely, feared not
Death terrific, but ascended bravely,
Thinking only of the dreaded peril

* Miss Sarah Maxwell, Principal of a school in Hochelaga, was burnt to death while striving to save a class of little children from the fire which destroyed the school, February 26, 1907. A special dispatch dated Montreal, February 27, said: "The entire city is mourning to-day for the young children and their brave teacher who perished in the Hochelaga fire of yesterday."

Miss Sarah Maxwell

Of her little folks, the care committed her
By trusting motherhood.

Within four walls
A woman, self-imprisoned, fought with flame
And smoke and poison-fume. Yea, fought as ne'er
Excelled by man in strength of will when he
Goes forth to slay. A woman fought to save,
She fought and won, and gave them back to life—
Her little folks, to mothers agonised.

She saved, but not, alas! them all. For them
She failed to save she wrestled desperate
With Death afire, rejecting coward-flight
And holding love and duty dearer, nearer,
Than her life.

Among her little folks
(For she had made them all her own, her flock)

Miss Sarah Maxwell

She suffered saintlike as of old, yea, suffered
Like her Lord. For them she died.

O Canada!
Let not thy thrill dissolve as if a discord
Or a melancholy note, a dream forgot.
But stay thy busy hand. Be hushed. For God
Hath spoken. God hath showed thee motherhood
Divine, the majesty of sympathy,
Of fortitude, of love.

Oh! be dismayed,
Ye men that seek for earthward greatness false,
Your low desire, and sordid gold. Behold
A burning woman climb to greatness true,
A maiden-mother seeking not herself,
But searching out the feeblest of the flock,
A lowly woman rise to glory,
And to God.

FROM PAIN TO PAIN

'Tis more than easy to be just
In judgment when the cause is clear,
While we are praised by them we trust,
And all whom we hold dear ;
But when the righteous cause is dark,
And we, if just, withstand the strain
Of Love's chill silence, Hatred's bark—
The path of right is pain.

'Tis easy to be merciful,
And pray for blessing from above
On them who make their golden rule
The winning ways of love ;
But when we meet the bitter brood,
Who subtly shoot the stinging word
To rouse Resentment's vengeful mood—
Then Mercy's way is hard.

From Pain to Pain

We may be merciful and just,
Yet pride of character remain,
Hence they who would be humble must
Endure from pain to pain.
O Crucified ! who lowly came,
Thy saving strength to us impart,
While Suffering graves thy holy Name
Upon our quivering heart.

THE MOTIVE

The artist cursed with sordid eye
Can ne'er behold
The glory of the earth and sky
Thro' tempting gold.

The gifted tongue, the facile pen—
The man of art
Devoid of love, in Final Ken
Shall have no part.

The miser grips the glittering hoard—
He will not spend ;
The means displaced from wise regard
Becomes the end.

Behold his form in sculptured stone !
It takes no part
In human woe, but stands alone
With hardened heart.

The Motive

And see the man that gives, and still
He hath no part
In soothing woe—no love doth fill
His empty heart.

Yea, tho' enwrapt in martyr-fire
Thro' zeal inwrought,
If love should not his breast inspire—
That man is nought.

Oh that we would with watchful eyes
Avoid the snare
Of selfishness, which subtle lies
Where motives are!

THE BROKEN HELM

My Friend, downcast ;
Against thy better thought
The powers of Ill have fought
And marred thy past—
Begrimed thy years of patient toil
Great heights to dare.
Alas ! thou art the sudden spoil
Of grim Despair.

Thine aim was brave—
To quench the quenchless flame,
To heal the hopeless lame,
The dead to save—
Too brave : thyself not wholly whole,
Unforged thy crown,
The Tempter, with thee, snared thy soul
And hurled thee down.

The Broken Helm

And I am grieved
To see the righteous fall—
Their hollow eyes appal,
Of soul bereaved.
Prostrate I pray, a weakened reed
By thy decline—
I feel my frailty, know my need,
More now in thine.

Thy helpful voice
Hath lost its earnest tone,
And friendly speech is gone—
Not me thy choice.
Yet I choose thee, nor will forsake
Tenacity,
In silence of the night I wake
And plead for thee.

But when I pray,
My eyes from looks debased,
From God's imprint erased,
I turn away ;

The Broken Helm

A ship 'mid treacherous waves I trace
On yonder sea,
And at the helm thy former face
Entreating me.

Behind thy scorn
Of yon embattled shore,
Where beaten billows roar—
I cry, "Oh, turn!"
(What though my wounded heart may bleed
On prayer's shrine?—
For a lost friend, O God, I plead,
I plead for mine.)

And, lo! I see
From wave to wave this night
A Figure radiant, white,
Walk toward thee;
And while thine eyes to heaven are raised,
Beseeching God,
He takes the helm, with arm upraised,
And stills the flood.

THANKSGIVING ODE

O Lord, our God, whose throne is set
In yonder height,
Where foot of mortal cannot climb,
Nor eyesight circumscribed by time
Dare view the light,—
Hear, Father, hear Thy children now,
While we in solemn reverence bow.

For we have seen Thy goodness, Lord—
Exceeding great
In bounteous slope and lavish plain,
In mellow sunshine, golden grain :
Who can relate
With equal power, in feeble word,
Thy mercy to Thy people, Lord ?

Thanksgiving Ode

Yea, rushing onward, like a stream,
On errand blest,
Thy mercy winds 'mid sorrowing shores,
And soothing melody outpours,
A song of rest :
" Hear, Earth, oh ! weary with thy strife :
I give My peace—eternal life ! "

O Lord, Thy mercy spreadeth wide,
Yea, like the sea ;
Thy goodness shines in yonder Face,
Who hath His glorious dwelling-place—
Eternity.
O God, who art exceeding good,
Take all, have all, our gratitude.

THE SPELL OF ST. NICHOLAS

Wonderful boy of long ago,
Come now and tell :
As agèd man, with beard of snow
And hair all white, what gave thy name,
Adown the years, the glow of fame ?
Explain thy spell.

O'er countless children waiting thee
In varied home—
Afar inland, beside the sea,
In lonely cot, and crowded town—
Awatching oft in midnight gown
For thee to come.

Wert thou a selfish, cunning boy ?
Ah no ! ah no !
Tradition findeth no alloy

The Spell of St. Nicholas

In thy make-up, but giveth thee
A generous heart, from baseness free,
Alike the snow.

White out and in, a giver pure,
With heart all warm—
This is thy spell, direct and sure,
O'er boy and girl, who think it good
To paint thy face in comic mood—
It does no harm.

But clothed in loving reverent mien
Tradition gives;
Thou art, in this, by seniors seen
To meet the life of one who was
The Mother of Saint Nicholas:
In thee she lives.

WHY CHRISTMAS JOY?

Ring ye, ring the welcome bell!
Bide not dawning ray,
Send the swinging sound to tell
Castle, cottage, cloister—cell—
'Tis the happy day!

List! the wild uprising joy,
Hasting naked feet;
Eager girl and bounding boy
Tumble out the stockinged toy
And the dainty sweet.

Listen to the jingling bells—
Sleighs are glancing by,
Sweeping far to bracing fells,
Winding on thro' fairy dells,
Under dazzling sky.

Why Christmas Joy ?

Glory, as a Polar scene,
Everywhere obtains ;
Carpets deep of Arctic sheen,
Furs of white for garments green,
Where the cedar reigns.

Where no trail of busy feet
Mars the pathway fair ;
Where the squirrel hath warm retreat,
And the lonely siskin's " tweet "
Doth the Frost-King dare.

Hark ! the solemn, sacred peal—
Call to praise and prayer—
Songs of joy the lips unseal,
Reverence bends in pure appeal—
The Lord of joy is there.

Why sweet carol, joyful chime
Greeting which uplifts ?
Why the wish in glided rhyme ?
Why the Saint from ancient time
Showering countless gifts ?

Why Christmas Joy?

"Peace on earth, good-will to men:"
Glad seraphic song—
Why the theme of tongue and pen?
Why so wide in human ken,
Held in fervour strong?

Day and Night give answer grand,
Eve and rising Morn;
Write in blood, O martyr hand,
Write in gold, O Christian land—
Christ, the Lord, is born!

THE COMET

O SHINING wanderer over wondrous night,
Didst thou defy His will who rules on high,
And break away from law in yonder sky ?
Nay ! thou'rt unerring in thine awful flight,
Obedient to His will, O child of light.
Wonder unusual, stranger passing by,
Visitor rare—where may thy meaning lie ?
'Tis—lifting countless eyes to Heaven's might.

Behold ! a star unusual long ago—
The gate of heaven opened and he shone,
A light in darkness on the earth below ;
Eclipsed, he shone again, and he was gone.
This star of wonder, this amazing sign,
Oh ?—why ?—To lift all eyes to Heaven benign.

FAITH

Why does the common heart childlike believe
That yonder lights on high, which seem so small,
Resembling glittering dots or gems, are all
A universe of worlds, whose wonders grieve
The princely minds that vainly try to weave
The heavens into their web of thought and call
Their own? Yon worlds, which high and low appal,
The lowly minds from learnéd minds receive.

And is the common trusting heart less wise
In humbly taking from the lips of men,
Whose life and thought and wrestlings God-ward rise,
A world of light beyond all human ken?—
That world which he, the Word of Wisdom, read,
Which shall shine out when yonder stars are dead.

THE SPIRIT'S HOME

Who, to the wondering eye, may wisely tell
The secret cause of yon ethereal blue,
Of sunset dye, or rainbow-shaded hue,
Of green of grassy plain or leafy dell,
Of sunflower gold, or rose of murmuring shell ?
A phase of substance, seemed to eyesight true,
Till science, searching, finds the deeper view
That in the rays of light all colours dwell.

So, tho' imaginative mind may hold
That spirit doth in lifeless stuff subsist,
Whence, energised, its qualities unfold
In brief organic form, then non-exist ;
Yet deeper thought, the spirit's true abode
Finds in the living energy of God.

A DREAM WORLD

O YE who reason, answer—What's a dream ?
The darkening envelopes are softly sealed,
The old world's gone, and chaos is revealed :
This flowery island, yonder starry gleam,
The dark-winged dragon o'er the fiery stream,
And children playing on the battle-field—
What is it that the spirit doth not yield,
And what of dreaming, are the thoughts supreme ?

Consider Chaos, scan the picture there :
The spatial raiment of island and star,
With movement of dragon and child, declare
That space, change and colour from spirit are.
Thus of Order, the picture means the same,
But set in universal spirit frame.

THE DEAD PHILOSOPHER

Dead, dead himself! the man that faced
the veil,
Who peered with penetrating eager eye
Into the mist, and told a wondrous tale
Of things phenomenal (the passing by),
Which are not what, to untaught eyes, they
seem,
An earth and heavens that of themselves
exist,
But are the pageant of a cosmic dream,
Produced by mind, in which all things
subsist.

Oft didst thou pass in thought to things
unseen,
Of God invisible; but thou art gone,

The Dead Philosopher

In spirit passed! Oh! answer what they
mean,
The things of thy new world, at last
thine own.
O man, beloved, who didst revere the Word
revealed,
Thou answerest not our grief, thy gracious
lips are sealed.

THOU ART MY LIGHT *

Deep darkness, deep, surrounds my wandering soul,
My way is lone ;
With bleeding feet I seek the hidden goal,
For God unknown ;
I do not seek a name nor luring gain,
I grope for light, and rest from care and pain.

A blinding flash has struck the midnight gloom—
Bedazed I cry—
Is it of life ? or augury of doom ?
Hear, Thou on high !
I tremble, Lord, Thy gleaming shafts to see:
Come thro' the storm, my Father, shelter me.

* To be set to music.

Thou art My Light

The storm is fled, departed is the night,
And Thou hast come ;
Lord, Thou hast led my steps within Thy light,
And I am home.
Father, unveiled, unknown to me no more,
Thou art my light, and I do Thee adore.

CANADA FOR CHRIST *

See the sunrise on the mountains,
Flashing far from crest to crest!
Light to light the signal sendeth—
Faith on seraph wings descendeth,
Calling Canada to Christ!

Down among the careless peoples
Folly breathes infectious breath,
Scorn treads Truth in reckless ravage,
Mammon shouts as beaded savage,
Lust incarnate kisses Death.

In the misty valley weeping,
'Tween the living and the dead,
While she soothes the broken-hearted—
Lo! the leaden clouds are parted--
Pity, startled, lifts her head ·

* To be set to music.

Canada for Christ

For the light above the mountains
  Streameth thro' the fœtid mist,
And adown the tidings sendeth—
Hope on pinions bright descendeth,
  Crying, Canada for Christ !

Sons of God, to battle gather !
  Meet the minions of the Night,
From the far Atlantic gather,
From the far Pacific gather,
  Fight incarnate Darkness, fight !

Night retreats to hidden caverns,
  Vanquished all her black-winged brood ;
Truth and Goodness now victorious,
Robed, with Peace, in raiment glorious,
  Reign in faithful brotherhood.

See the sun high o'er the mountains !
  See on earth the Light—the Christ !
Light to light glad tidings sendeth—
Love on golden wings descendeth,
  Singing, Canada in Christ !

CANADA, BE STRONG

Tune—"St. George's, Edinburgh," Presbyterian Hymn Book, Ps. Sel. 16.

Wake, Canada! awake, awake!
Daybreak in gold is born;
Behold the fire that flecks the hills,
And hear the voice of morn.

What people passed to heritage—
To heritage like thine?
Arise and fill thy destiny—
Thy destiny divine.

Hold thou the sceptre of the free,
Lift not the tyrant rod,
Scorn thou the council of the night,
Lead in the light of God.

What is the message morning brings?
O Canada, be strong!—
To him that hath the Lord of hosts,
The battle doth belong.